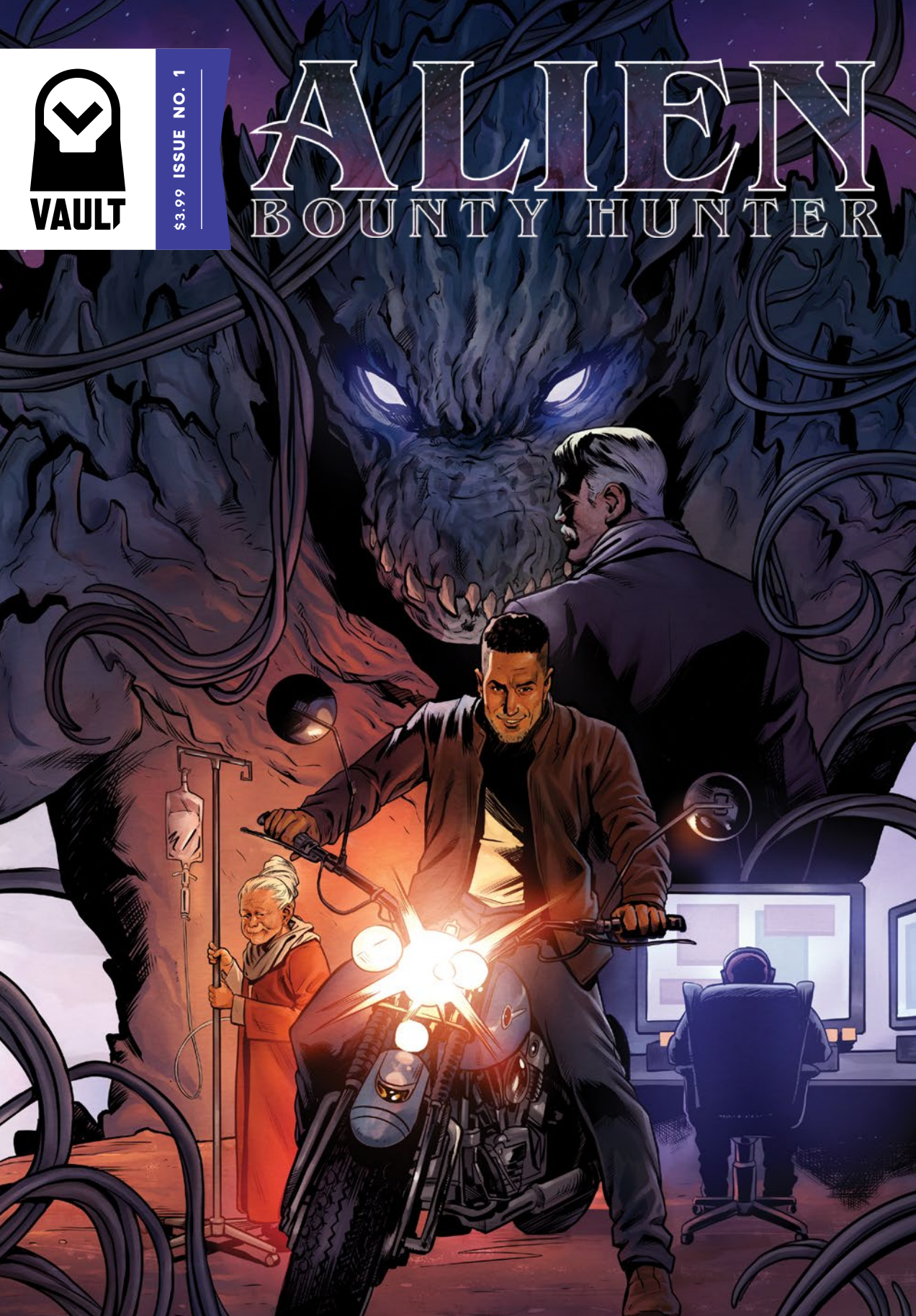




\$3.99 ISSUE NO. 1

# ALIEN

## BOUNTY HUNTER



WASSEL BOOHER ROBLES BENNETT



8 58761 00607 2 00111



Tasked with capturing the most wanted fugitive in the universe, Ben Madsen (from Arcadia, California) must track his mark through a city filled with dangerous aliens (definitely not from Arcadia, California)—right here on Earth.

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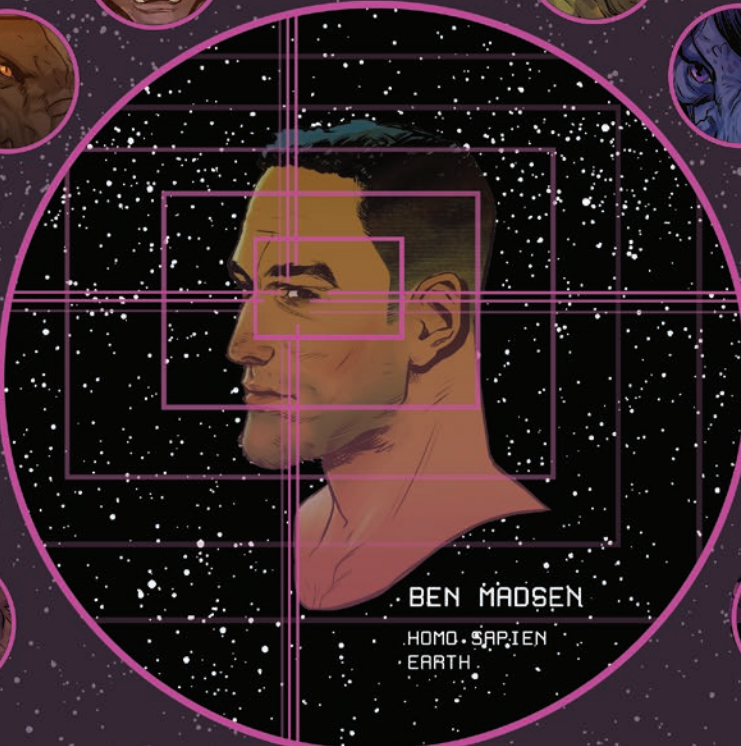


THE GALAXY'S WORST. EARTH'S BEST -- SORT OF.

WASSEL BOOHER ROBLES BENNETT



VAULT  
PRESENTS



BEN MADSEN

HOMO SAPIEN  
EARTH

# ALIEN BOUNTY HUNTER

ADRIAN WASSEL   DAVID BOOHER   NICK ROBLES   DERON BENNETT  
WRITERS   ART & COLORS   LETTERS

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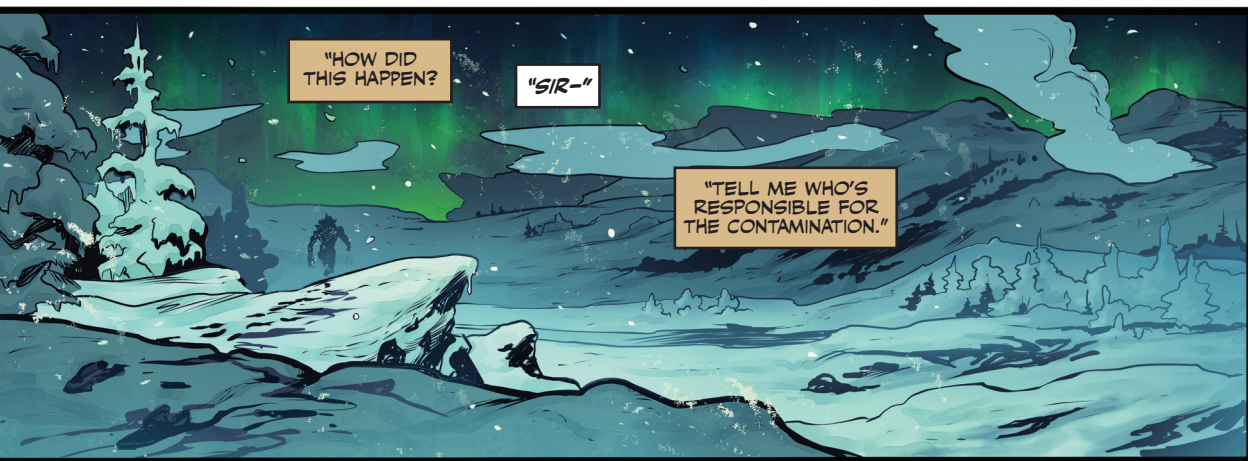
PRINCIPAL

CREATED BY  
STEVE LEVINSON



STORY BY  
STEVE LEVINSON  
& F.J. DESANTO

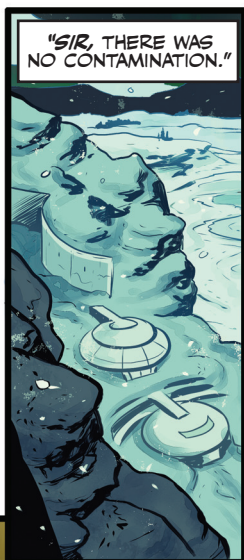




"HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?"

"SIR—"

"TELL ME WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CONTAMINATION."



"SIR, THERE WAS NO CONTAMINATION."



THEN HOW?



IT SEEMS THE SPECIMEN REPURPOSED BACTERIAL COLONIES FROM ITS OWN DIGESTIVE TRACT.



AND USED THEM TO GROW A BIOWEAPON...



...INSIDE ITS OWN ARM.

ZERO BASE IS COMPROMISED. CALL DIRECTOR SULLIVAN.

IS THERE NOTHING ELSE WE CAN DO?

SURE. WE PRAY SULLIVAN KNOWS SOMEONE WHO CAN FIX THIS.





IT RAINED  
IN L.A.

IT NEVER  
RAINS IN  
L.A.

LOOK  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE! I SPENT  
ALL AFTERNOON  
MAKING THAT  
BANMIAN FOR  
RITA!

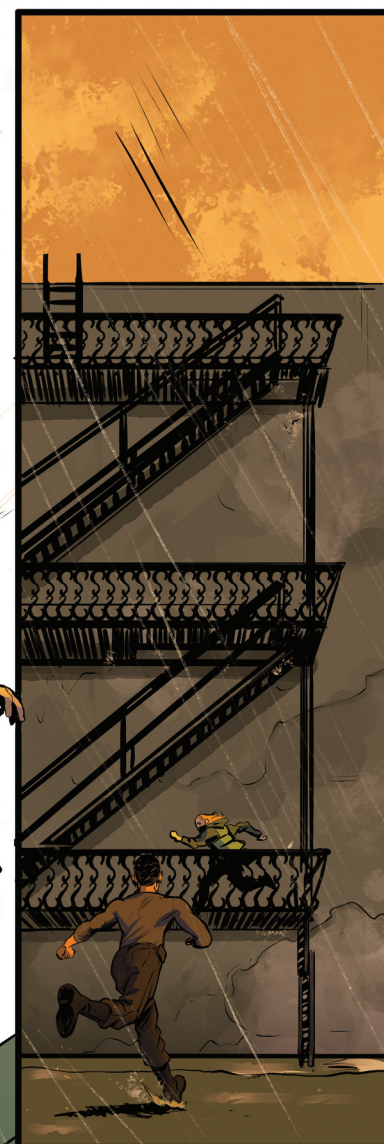
I'LL SEND ALEX  
TO CLEAN IT UP.  
HE OWES US  
BOTH.

AND I'M  
SORRY, LANFEN.  
IT SMELLED...  
SMELLS...  
DELICIOUS.



THEY SAY A GOOD  
DOWNPOUR CLEARS  
THE AIR AND CLEANS  
THE CITY. NOT HERE.

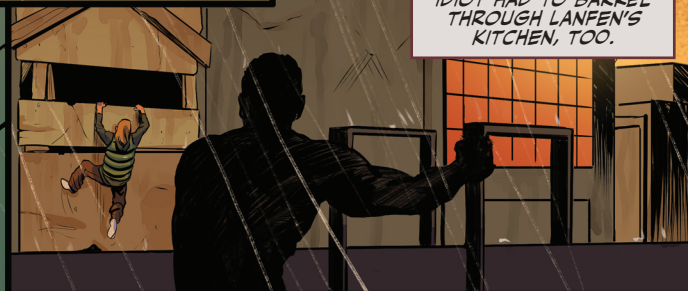
HERE...THERE'S NOTHING  
BUT GRIME. WASH OFF THE  
TOP LAYER AND YOU'LL  
FIND MORE UNDERNEATH.  
LIKE ARTIE FISK.



I TAILED FISK TO  
AN ALLEY BEHIND  
MR. LIU'S APOTHECARY.

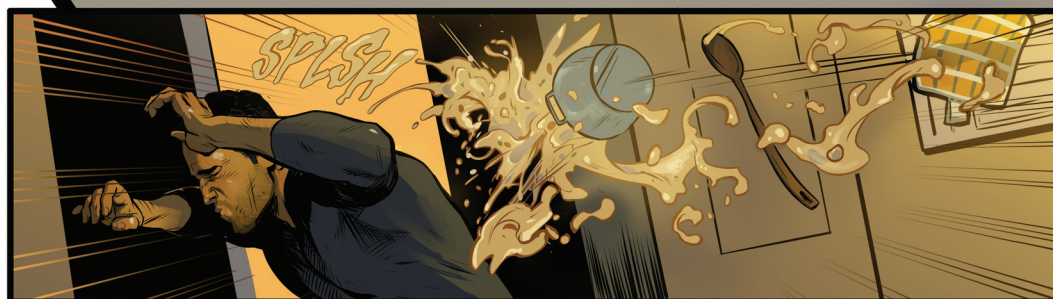
SWEAR IT LOOKS  
THE SAME AS THE  
FIRST DAY AUNT RITA  
DRAGGED ME THERE.

I KNEW HE'D RUN. THEY  
ALWAYS DO. BUT THIS  
IDIOT HAD TO BARREL  
THROUGH LANFEN'S  
KITCHEN, TOO.



普通话  
MADSEN? GET  
THIS LUNATIC  
OUT OF MY  
HOUSE!

WORKING  
ON IT,  
LANFEN.



NOW I'M PISSED  
OFF, DRENCHED  
TO THE BONE...





...AND MY  
DINNER IS  
RUINED.



YOU  
CAUGHT ME  
ON A BAD DAY,  
ARTIE!



I CAN'T  
STAND WET  
SOCKS.



SCREW  
YOU,  
MADSEN.







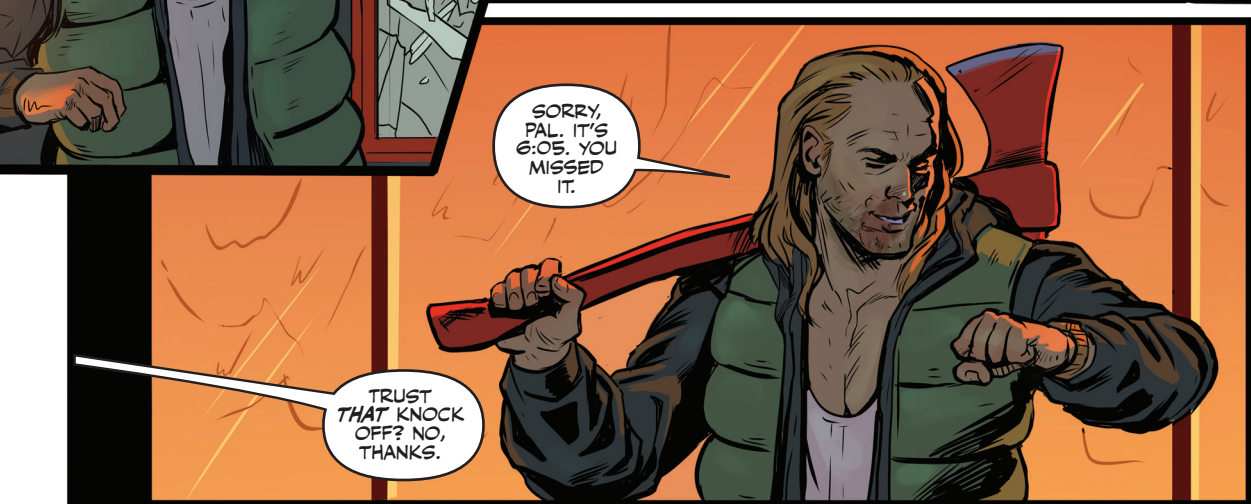






WHAT WAS  
IT YOU SAID?  
NOWHERE LEFT  
TO RUN?

I WAS  
WRONG.  
THERE'S THE  
SIX O'CLOCK  
BUS.



SORRY,  
PAL. IT'S  
6:05. YOU  
MISSED  
IT.

TRUST  
THAT KNOCK  
OFF? NO,  
THANKS.

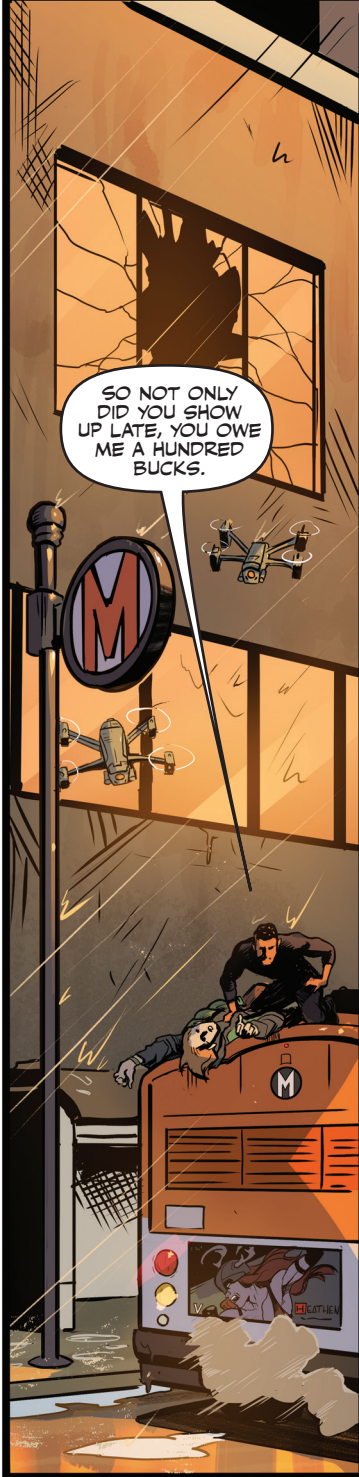


HEY,  
IT'S...

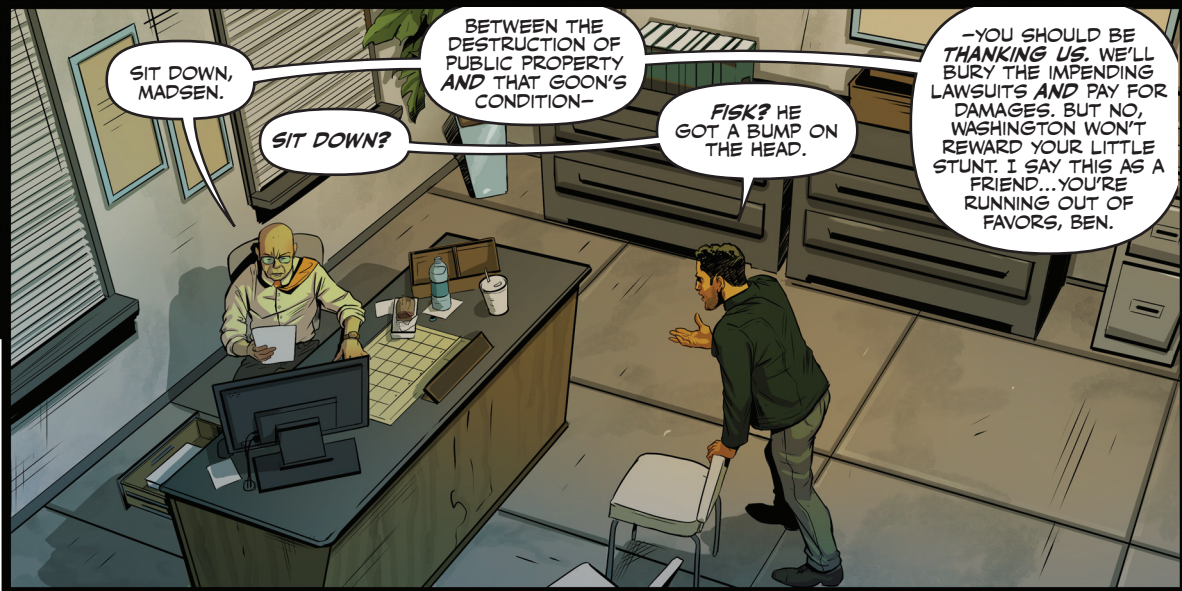


... "A  
ROLEX."









SIT DOWN, MADSEN.

SIT DOWN?

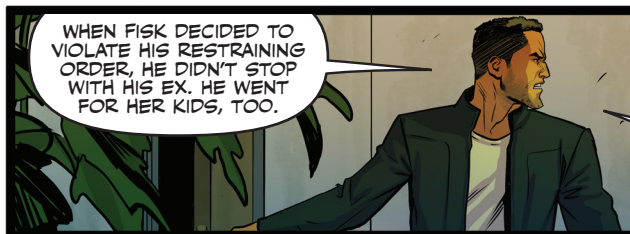
BETWEEN THE DESTRUCTION OF PUBLIC PROPERTY AND THAT GOON'S CONDITION—

FISK? HE GOT A BUMP ON THE HEAD.

—YOU SHOULD BE **THANKING US**. WE'LL BURY THE IMPENDING LAWSUITS AND PAY FOR DAMAGES. BUT NO, WASHINGTON WON'T REWARD YOUR LITTLE STUNT. I SAY THIS AS A FRIEND...YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF FAVORS, BEN.



I'M NOT ONE OF YOUR MARSHALS ANYMORE, RILEY, SO DROP THE **RIGHTEOUS ACT**.



WHEN FISK DECIDED TO VIOLATE HIS RESTRAINING ORDER, HE DIDN'T STOP WITH HIS EX. HE WENT FOR HER KIDS, TOO.

**REMEMBER** THAT NEXT TIME YOU'RE WAVING AROUND RED TAPE LIKE IT'S RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS.



普通话

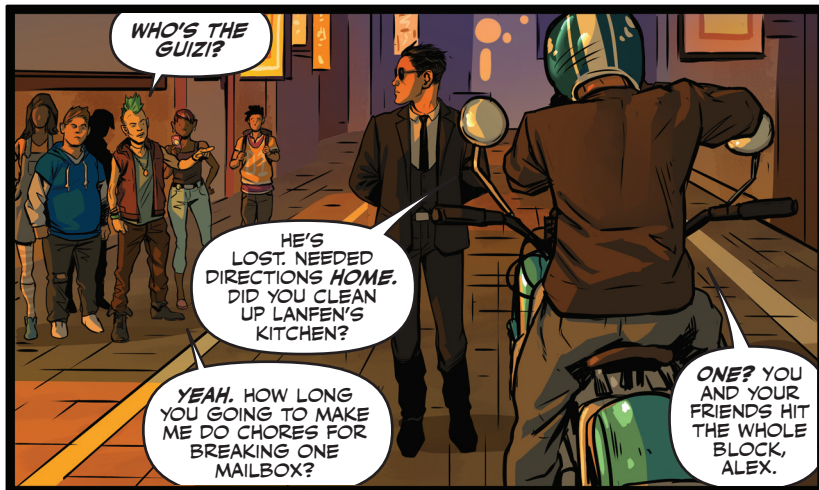
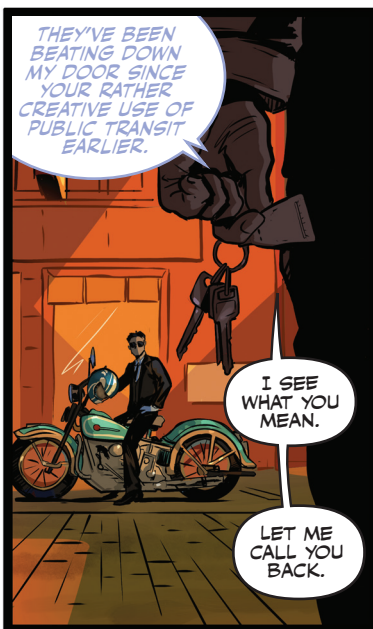
"BEN! THOUGHT I SAW YOU HOTFOOT PAST THE WINDOW EARLIER. THEY STILL HAVEN'T LEARNED NOT TO RUN FROM YOU, HUH?"

"HOW'S AUNT RITA?"



STILL TOUGHER THAN NAILS.









普通話

WHEN IT  
COMES TO MONEY,  
NO ONE WASTES  
ANY TIME, DO  
THEY?

CITYWIDE FINANCIAL CORP.  
RE: FORECLOSURE SALE OF  
1632-1634 INARA BLVD., ARCADIA, CA

NOBODY WANTS  
ANOTHER COMMUNITY  
CENTER IN ARCADIA  
ANYWAY.

YOU DO,  
AND THAT'S  
ENOUGH.

RIGHT! THE  
ONE PERSON  
WHO WON'T BE  
AROUND TO  
SEE IT.

IF YOU WENT  
TO CHEMO LIKE  
EVERY DOCTOR  
HAS SUGGESTED  
THAT MIGHT  
CHANGE.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT CHEMO  
DOES TO A PERSON AS FIT  
AS YOU, BENJAMIN? IMAGINE  
IT ON SOMEONE MY AGE! I'D  
RATHER PUT MY FAITH IN FIVE  
THOUSAND YEARS OF—

WOOD  
CHIPS AND  
TWIGS?

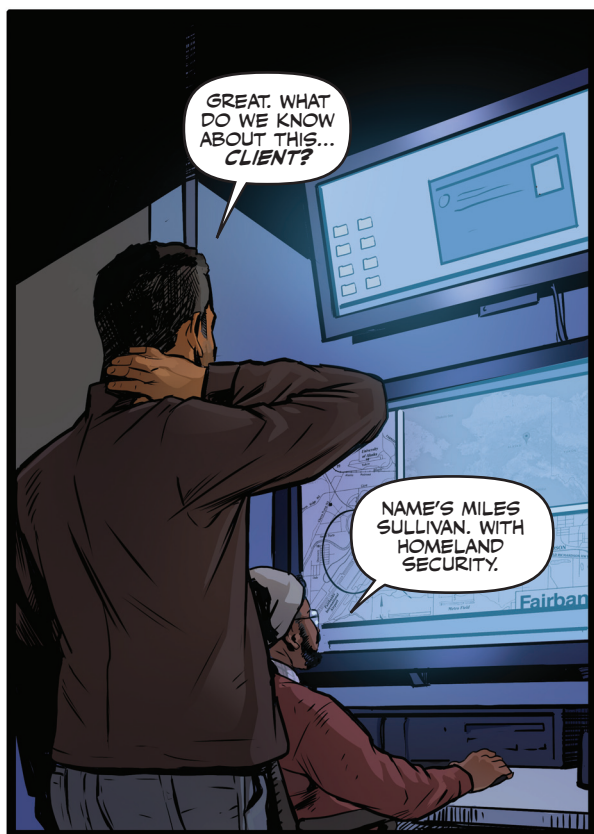
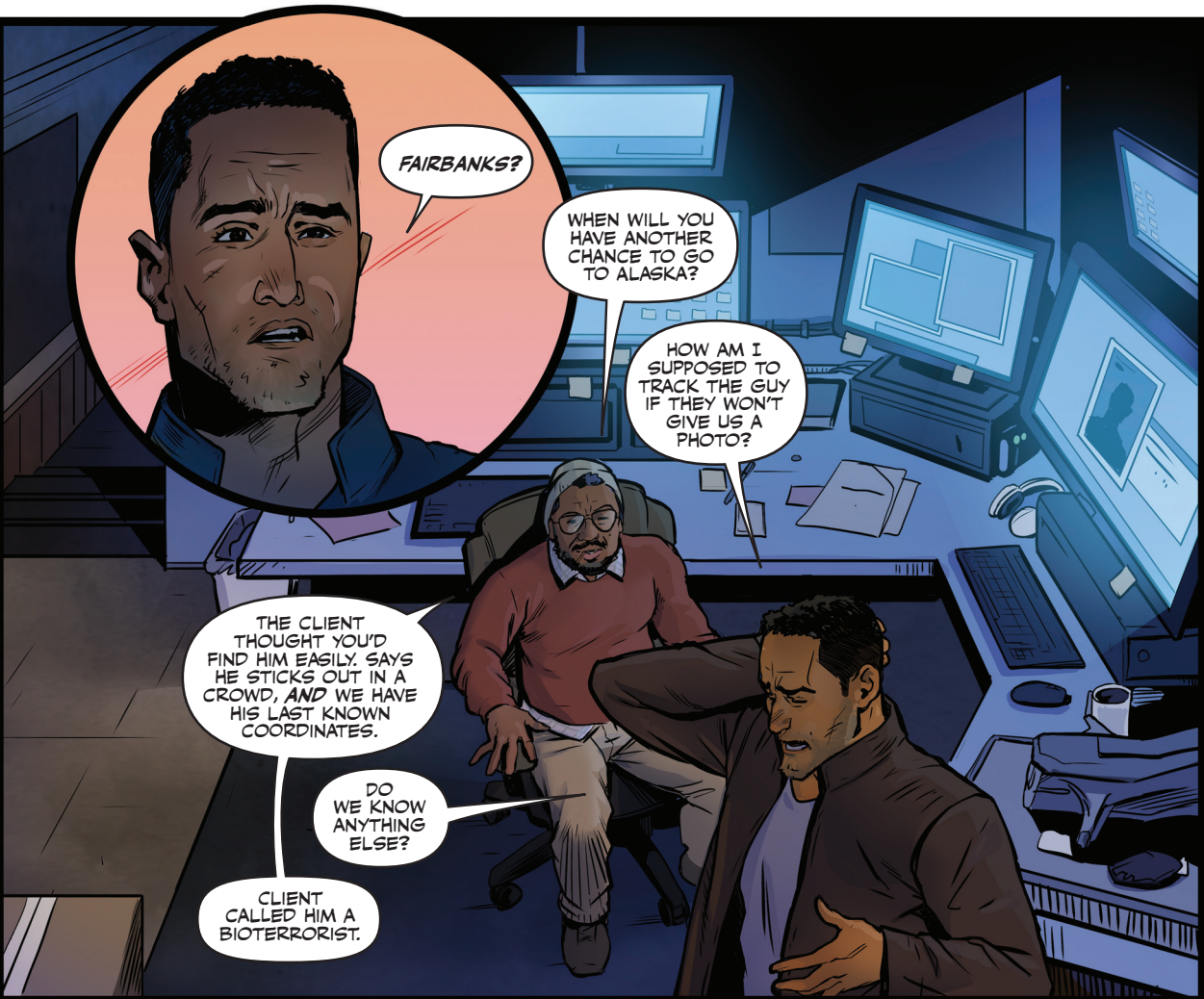
普通話

ABSOLUTELY.









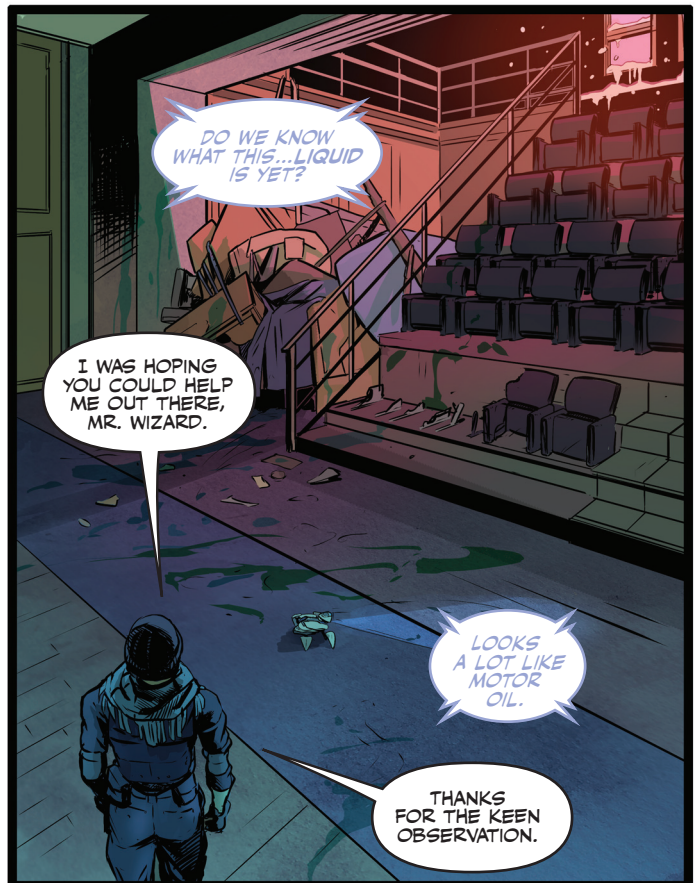




















BROOKS,  
YOU THERE?  
BROOKS?

...SHIT.



WHAT DID  
YOU GET ME  
INTO?



WHAM



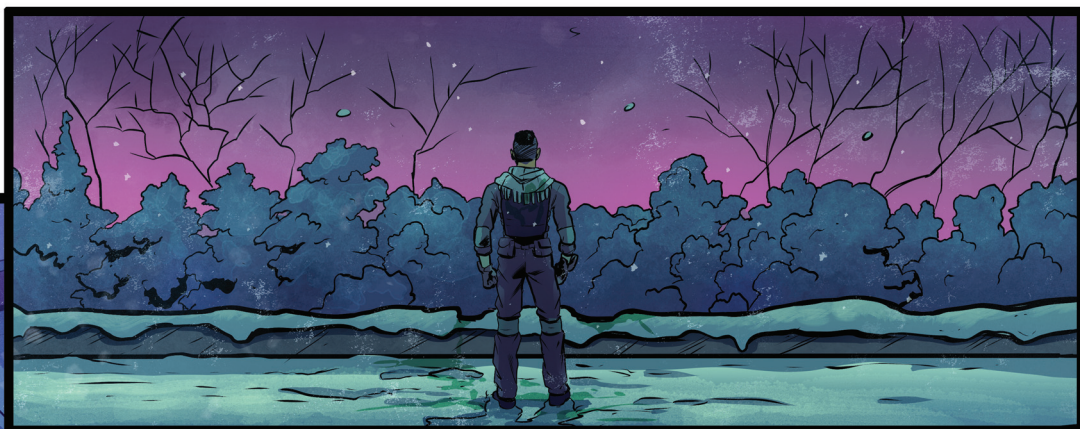
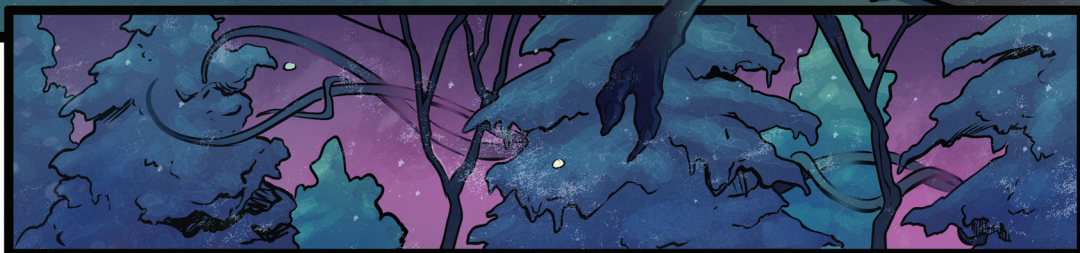
THERE'S  
NO POINT IN  
RUNNING.





I WILL...  
CATCH  
YOU.













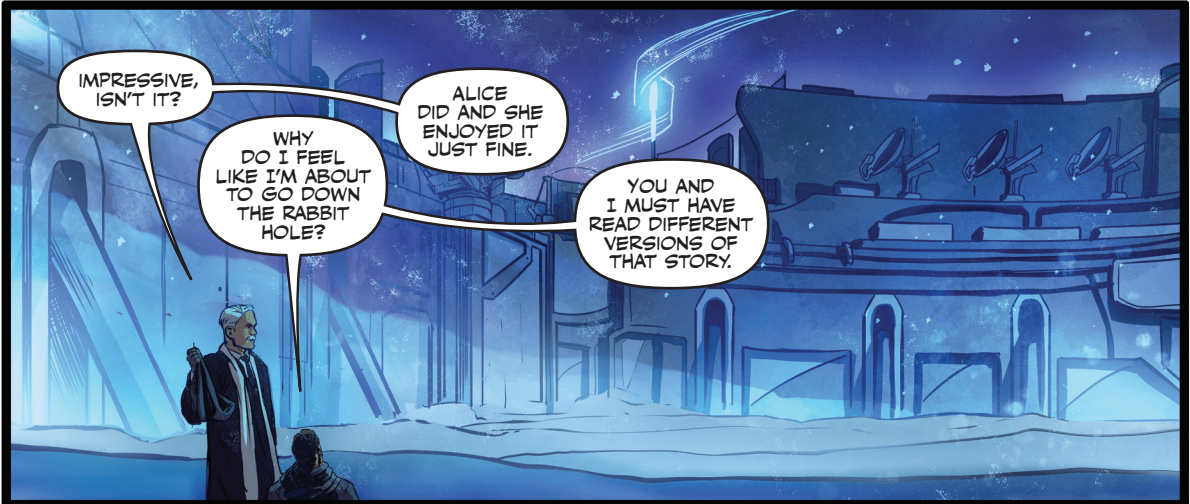
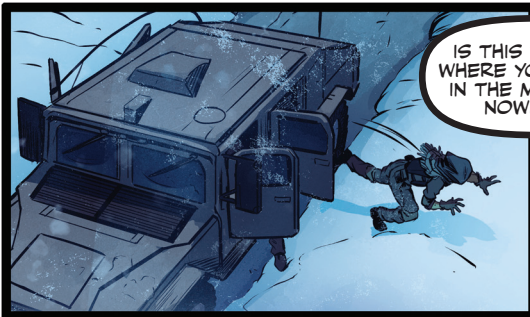
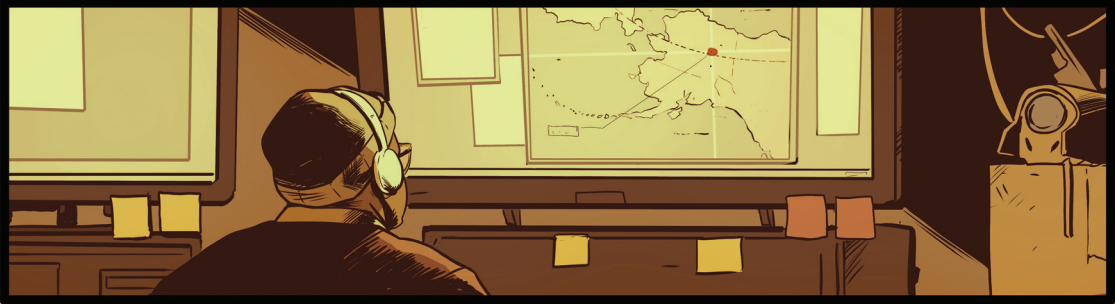
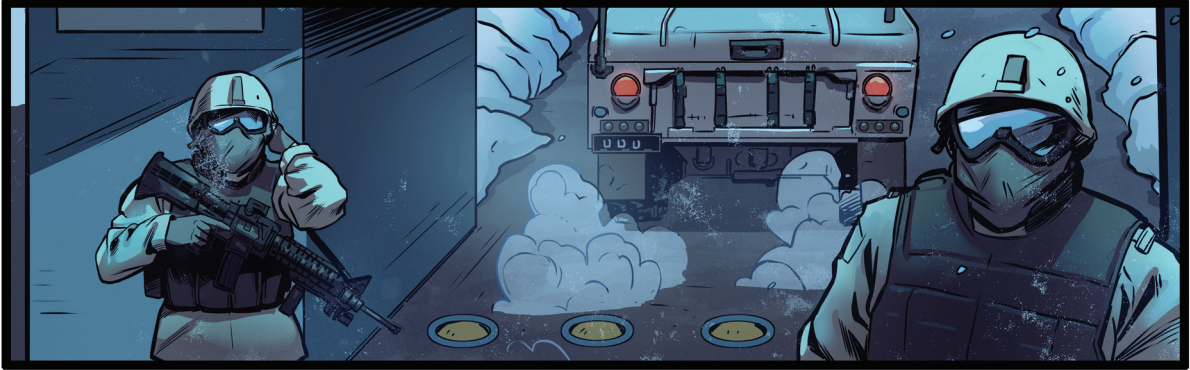
...THERE'S NOT A SOUL ALIVE WHO BETTER UNDERSTANDS WHAT YOU'RE CAPABLE OF...**BELIEVE ME**. I'VE SPENT TOO MANY YEARS AND A GREAT DEAL OF AMERICAN MONEY MONITORING YOU, LONG BEFORE THE QINCHENG EXTRACTION AND LONG AFTER YOU LEFT GOVERNMENT SERVICE. THE ONLY REASON I BROUGHT YOU HERE IS THAT YOU'RE CAPABLE OF DOING A JOB I NEED DONE.



MY NAME IS MILES SULLIVAN.

LET ME TELL YOU IN DETAIL...







"THERE, MR. MADSEN, IS YOUR RABBIT HOLE."



WELCOME TO ZERO BASE. THE U.S. GOVERNMENT'S MOST CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET.

WHY AM I HERE?

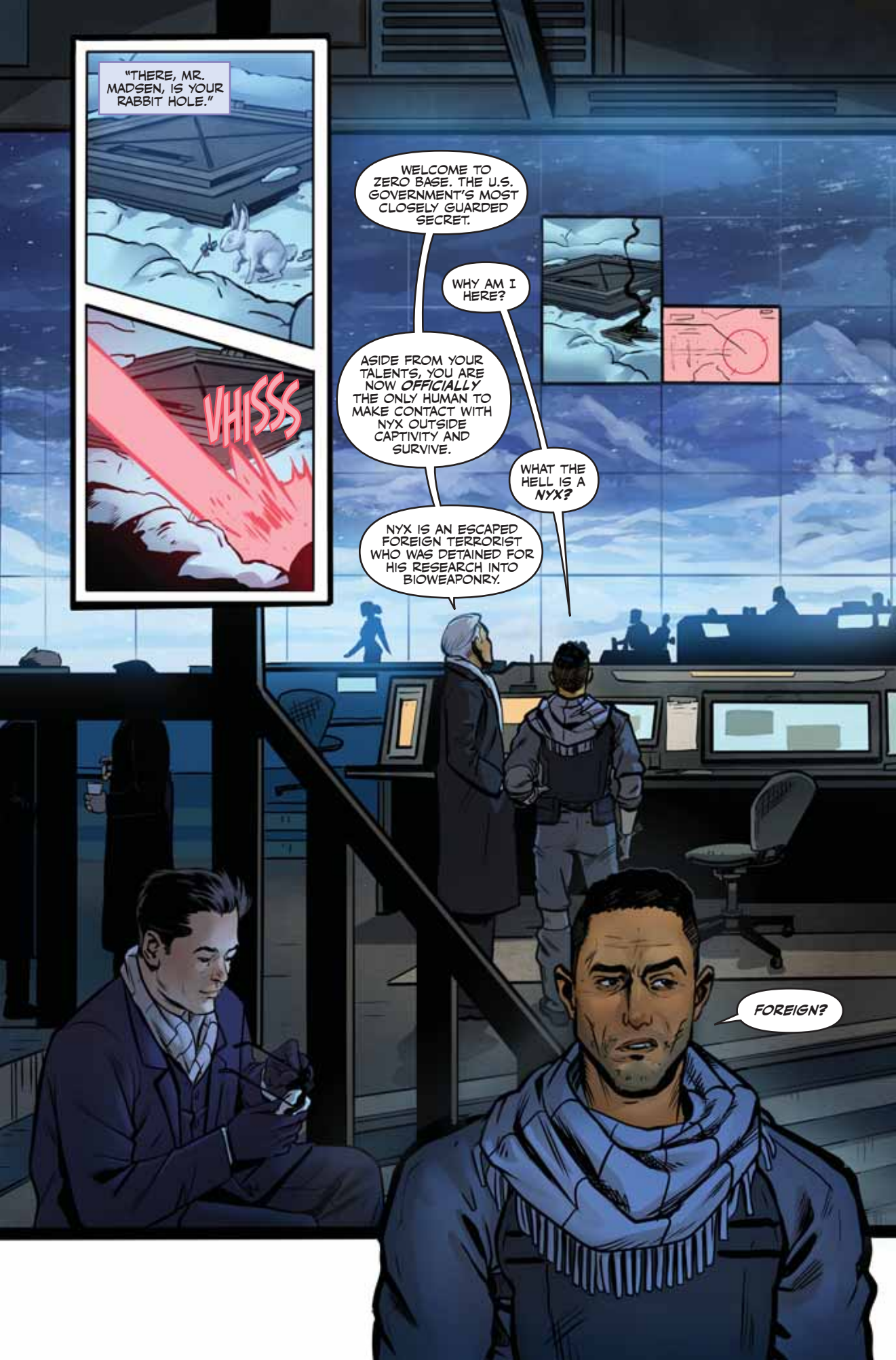
ASIDE FROM YOUR TALENTS, YOU ARE NOW **OFFICIALLY** THE ONLY HUMAN TO MAKE CONTACT WITH NYX OUTSIDE CAPTIVITY AND SURVIVE.

WHAT THE HELL IS A **NYX**?

NYX IS AN ESCAPED FOREIGN TERRORIST WHO WAS DETAINED FOR HIS RESEARCH INTO BIOWEAPONRY.



FOREIGN?





AS IN...  
NOT OF THIS  
EARTH.

YOU SEE, DESPITE  
THE FACT THAT THERE ARE  
TWELVE GALAXIES TO EVERY ONE  
PERSON ON THIS ROCK WE CALL  
HOME, THERE ARE NOT SO MANY  
HABITABLE PLANETS FLOATING  
AROUND. THIS MAKES THE  
UNIVERSE A SURPRISINGLY  
CROWDED PLACE.

HENCE, LUSTRUM.  
A VERY HIDDEN, VERY  
**ALIEN** CITY. TO MOST,  
A PRISON. TO FEW,  
A HAVEN.

THE EREBUS  
APPEARS TO BE  
THE MOST ADVANCED  
SPECIES IN EXISTENCE. OF  
COURSE, SOME SENTIENT  
ALGAE OUT THERE MAY  
BEG TO DIFFER.

NYX IS AN EXILE  
OF THAT SPECIES. BY  
TREATY WE HELD HIM  
OUTSIDE LUSTRUM DUE TO  
HIS DANGEROUS...**TENDENCIES**.  
BUT HE ESCAPED. SINCE YOUR  
ENCOUNTER, WE BELIEVE  
HE'S ALREADY INFILTRATED  
LUSTRUM.

I THOUGHT  
YOU CALLED IT  
A PRISON.

LUSTRUM HOUSES  
TECHNOLOGY THAT  
MIGHT GET NYX OFF  
THIS PLANET AND  
BACK TO HIS FELLOW  
INSURGENTS.

THINK OF IT AS A  
PENAL COLONY. ONE WE  
MAINTAIN IN EXCHANGE  
FOR CERTAIN...  
PROTECTIONS.

STRICTLY SPEAKING,  
WE GUARD THE WALL. BUT OVER THE  
YEARS, WE'VE SENT IN UNDERCOVER  
AGENTS. OUR LAST OPERATIVE, **CHRIS  
CANCEL**, WENT IN THREE YEARS AGO.  
IF OUR BITS OF INTELLIGENCE ARE  
CORRECT, THIS PARTICULAR AGENT HAS  
BECOME INFAMOUS. KNOWN ON THE  
INSIDE AS **THE REAPER**.

EREBUS 00  
(NYX) 01/02/03 FORM

TIER 3  
FORM PRESENTATION

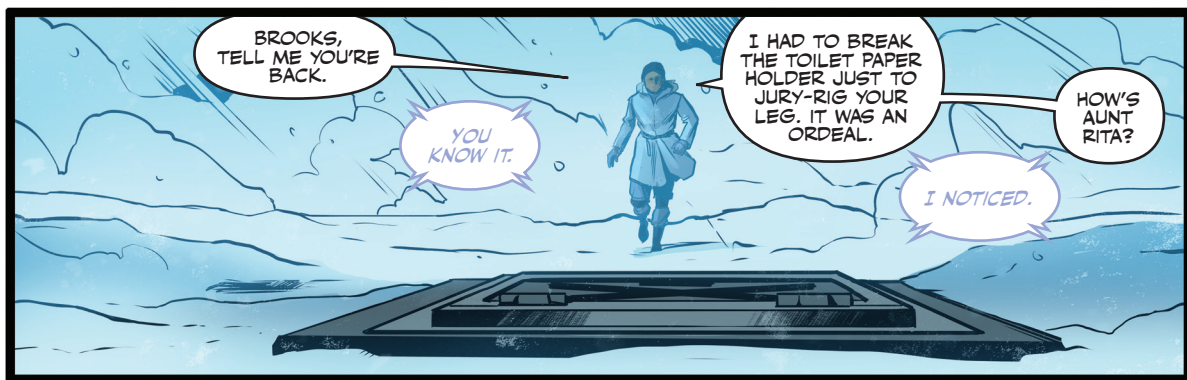












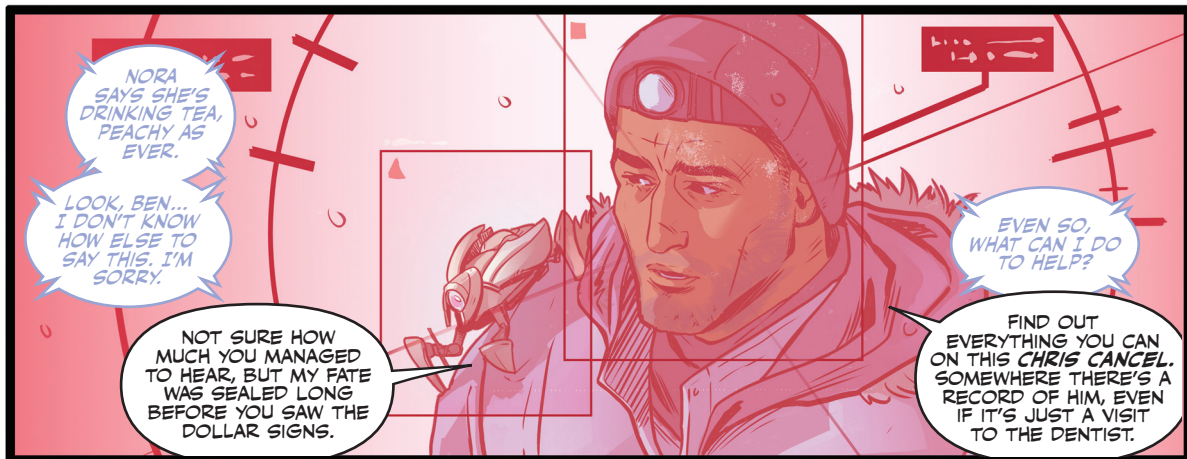
BROOKS,  
TELL ME YOU'RE  
BACK.

YOU  
KNOW IT.

I HAD TO BREAK  
THE TOILET PAPER  
HOLDER JUST TO  
JURY-RIG YOUR  
LEG. IT WAS AN  
ORDEAL.

HOW'S  
AUNT  
RITA?

I NOTICED.



NORA  
SAYS SHE'S  
DRINKING TEA,  
PEACHY AS  
EVER.

LOOK, BEN...  
I DON'T KNOW  
HOW ELSE TO  
SAY THIS. I'M  
SORRY.

NOT SURE HOW  
MUCH YOU MANAGED  
TO HEAR, BUT MY FATE  
WAS SEALED LONG  
BEFORE YOU SAW THE  
DOLLAR SIGNS.

EVEN SO,  
WHAT CAN I DO  
TO HELP?

FIND OUT  
EVERYTHING YOU CAN  
ON THIS *CHRIS CANCEL*.  
SOMEWHERE THERE'S A  
RECORD OF HIM, EVEN  
IF IT'S JUST A VISIT  
TO THE DENTIST.



ON IT. THOUGH...I  
CAN'T IMAGINE THEY  
DON'T HAVE EARS ON  
US RIGHT NOW.

I'M SURE  
THEY DO. JUST AS  
*THEY'RE SURE*  
I'M GOING IN  
ALONE.

BUT IF  
I'M CLIMBING  
DOWN THIS STUPID  
LADDER, YOU'RE  
FINDING A WAY TO  
COME WITH  
ME.



WOULDN'T  
MISS IT FOR  
THE WORLD.



GUESS THIS  
IS THE PART  
WHERE I  
SAY...



...SEE  
YOU ON  
THE OTHER  
SIDE.



Out of options, Madsen descends into the city of Lustrum, deep beneath the Alaskan tundra.

## THE GALAXY'S WORST EARTH'S BEST--

SORT OF.

### NEXT ISSUE

ALIEN BOUNTY HUNTER//NO.2



8 58761 00607 2 0011



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THE GALAXY'S WORST. EARTH'S BEST -- SORT OF.